

POPIISH PLOTS AND TREASONS

From the beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.
Illustrated with Emblems and explain'd in Verse.

Figure 1.

The Pope aloft on Armed Shoulders Rides,
And in vain Hopes the English spoils divides;
His Leaden Bull 'gainst good Eliz. roars,
And scatters dire Rebellion round our Shoars.
The Priest Blesses the Villians, Cheers them on,
And promises Heav'n's Crown, when her Crown's won.
But God doth blast their Troops, their Counsels mock
And brings bold Traitors to th' deserved Block.

Figure 3.

Spain's King, and Rome's Triple-Crown'd Pelate Joyn,
And with them both bold Stukely does Combine
Ireland to conquer, And the Pope has sent,
For that Blest work, an Holy Regiment;
But in their way at Barbary they call,
Where at one Blow the Moors destroy them All.
See here, what such Ambitious Traitors Gain,
The shame of Christians is by Pagans Slain.

Figure 5.

What trusty Janizaries are Monks to Rome,
From their dark Cells the blackest Treasons come.
By the Popes License horrid Crimes they Act,
And Guild with piety each Treacherous Fact.
A seminary Priest, like Comets Blaze,
Doth always Blood-shed and Rebellion Raife;
But still the fatal Gibbet's ready fixt
For such, where Treason's with Religion mixt.

Figure 7.

Whilst Spain's Ambassador here Leiger lies,
Designs are laid the English to surprize;
Two Catalogues his Secretary had Got
The better two effect the Hellish Plot.
One all our Havens Names, where Foes might Land,
To'ther what Papists were to lend an hand.
For this base Trick he's forc'd to pack to Spain
Whilst Tyburn greets confederates that remain.

Figure 9.

The Jesuites vile Doctrines do Convince
Parry, 'Tis Merit for to kill his Prince,
The fatal Dagger he prepares with Art,
And means to sheath it in her Royal Heart.
The Attempts, and as oft put by,
By the Majestick Terrors of her Eye;
At last his Cursed Intentions he Confest
And So his welcom'd a fit Tyburn Guest.

Figure 11.

Nor was't with Spain alone, Great Betty's Strife;
Now France attempts upon her pretious Life;
The Guises cause th' Ambassador to Bribe
Bloody, and others, of the Roman Tribe,
To Cut her off. To which they soon Consent,



First are describ'd the Cursed plots they
laid.
And on the side their wretched ends dis-
play'd.

Figure 2.

Don John, who under Spain did with proud Hand
The then unsever'd Netherlands Command,
Contrives for Englands Conquest, and does Hope
To Gain it by Donation from the Pope.
Yet to Amuse our Queen does still pretend
Perpetual peace, and needs will seem a friend;
But Heav'n looks through those Juggles and in's prime,
Grief Cuts off Him and's Hopes All at a time.

Figure 4.

The Priests, with Crosses Ensigne-like displaid,
Prompt bloody Desmond to those spoiles he made
On Irish Protestants, and from afar
Blow Triumphs to Rebellions Holy War;
But against Providence all Arts are vain,
The Crafty, in their Craft are over-tane;
Behold where kill'd the Stubborn Traitor lies,
Whilst to the Woods his Ghostly Father flies.

Figure 6.

Mad Somervail, by Cruel Priests inspir'd
To do whatever mischief they requir'd,
Swears that he instantly will be the death
Of good and Gracious Queen Elizabeth.
Assaults her Guards, but Heav'n's protecting pow'r
Defeats his rage makes him a Prisoner:
Where to avoid a just, though shameful Death,
Self-strangling hands do Stop his loathsome breath.

Figure 8.

View here a Miracle—A Priest Conveys,
In Spanish Bottom o're the path-lesy Seas,
Close treacherous Notes, whilst a Dutch Ship comes by
And freight Engag'd her well-known Enemy:
The Conscience Priest his Guilty Papers tears,
And over-board the scatter'd fragments bears;
But the just winds do force them back o'th' Decks,
And peice-meal all the lurking plot detects.

Figure 10.

Here Babington and all his desperate Band,
Ready prepar'd for Royal Murder stand,
His Motto seems to glory in the Deed,
These my Companions are whom dangers lead.
Cowardly Traitors, so many Combine
To Cut off one poor Ladies vital Twine;
In vain,—Heaven's her Guard, and as for you;
Behold, the Hangman gives you all your due.

Figure 12.

Spain's proud Armado, whom the Pope did Bless,
Attacques our Isle, Confident of success.
But Heav'n's just Blast doth Scatter all their force,
They fly and quite round Scotland take their Course.
So many taken, burnt, and Sunk i'th' Main,
Scarce one in Ten did e're get home Again;

What trusty Janizaries are Monks to Rome,
From their dark Cells the blackest Treasons come.
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The Guiles cause th' Ambassador to Bribe
Booby, and others, of the Roman Tribe,
To Cut her off. To which they soon Consent,
But watchful Heav'n does that Guilt prevent.
Stafford doth the Council All disclose,
And Home wth shame perfidious Monsieur goes.

Figure 13.

But now a private horrid Treason view
Hatcht by the Pope, the Devil, and a Jew;
Lopez a Doctor must by Poison do
What all their Plots have fail'd in hitherto:
What will you give me then, the Judas Cries;
Full fifty thousand Crowns, 't other replies.
Tis done — but hold, the wretch shall miss his hope,
The Treasons known, and his Reward's the Rope.

Figure 15.

No Sooner James had blest the English Throne,
But Traiterous Priests Conspire to pull him down,
Watson the poisonous Maxims does Instill,
And draws some Nobles to Join in the Ill:
But Princes then appear the most divine,
When they with unexpected Mercy Shine.
Just as the Fatal Ax attempts the Stroke,
Pardon steps in and does the Blow Revoke.

And now let us, with cheerful Hymns of praise,
And Hearts inflam'd with love an Altar raise
Of Gratitude to God, who doth advance
His out-stretcht Arm in our Deliverance,
Tis only He, that doth protect his Sheep,
Tis he alone doth this poor Island keep
From Romish Wolves, who would us soon devour,
If not Defended by his mighty power.
Tis he that doth our Church with freedom Crown,
And beats the Popish Superstitions down.
Under her feet, and may they never rise,
Nor in vile Darknes Reinvolv our Eyes;
Once Heaven whose mercies ever are most tender
To both sects our Faith and Faiths Defender.



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So many taken, burnt, and Sunk i'th' Main,
Scarce one in Ten did e're get home Again;
Thus England like Noah's Ark, amidst the Waves
Indulgent providence from Danger saves.

Figure 14.

The Great Tyrone that did so oft embrew
Ireland with Blood, and Popish Plots Renew:
Here vanquishd Swears, upon his bended Knee,
To the Queens Deputy fidelity.
Yet breaks that vow, and loaded with the Guilt
Of perjuries and Blood which he had spilt.
Being forc'd at last to fly his Native Land,
Carries in's Breast a sting, a Scourge in's hand

Figure 16.

In this Curs'd Powder-plot we plainly see
The Quintessence of Romish Cruelty.
King Lords and Commons at one Hellish Blast
Had been destroy'd, and half our Land laid wast,
See Faux, with his dark Lanthorn, ready stands
To Light the fatal Train with desperate hands,
But Heavens All-seeing eye defeats their desire,
And saves us as a Brand snatcht from the fire;

Let us to both a strict Adherence pay,
And for their preservation ever pray.
Since thus Truths happy Bark hath reach'd our shore
O may it never, never Leaves us more.

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